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"PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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burn my house and hang me before the door which they would have done but for the timely arrival of a number of friendly neighbors, well armed, when they went off in double quick time.

"Does he not venture into New York sometimes in disguise?" inquired the Colonel.

"I've heard so. He was slippery from a boy up, and disguises himself any way."

"He's a precious scamp, and you'll do a favor to this part of Jersey, if you hang him as soon as you catch him."

This conversation had been held near a stone wall, on the other side of which was an old garden; but the trouble of the times had left it uncultivated, and the gooseberries and currant bushes had grown up rank and untrimmed, and the briars stretched over the walls, covering the ground from sight.

Under this and within ten feet of the Colonel and Classen, lay crouched the very man they were talking about. He had barely time to escape from the house and conceal himself upon the approach of the horsemen, whom he did not then suspect to be within ten miles of him.

Twice or thrice on hearing the base lies of Classen he was on the point of rising and confronting him; but a little reflection was left and he thought that was not the occasion to place his life in jeopardy, which he certainly would do, since the party of troops had come expressly to take him.

"Do you know with any certainty, Classen how long since Van Dyke has been seen in the neighborhood?"

"I have heard he was seen last night two miles from this, in a by-path through the wood coming in the direction of his house."

"That is the information I received, and I am determined to capture him sooner or later. If you point out his whereabouts, or arrest him yourself, you shall have a reward of fifty guineas."

Classen was as avaricious and fond of money as he was wicked. Fifty guineas was a large sum indeed, particularly in those days, when gold was rarely seen.

"I will catch him, Colonel, before he is three days older; I know one of his haunts."

"Why not take us there then?"

"I would be of no use this time of day. Besides he may not be there for a day or two, and I shall have to be cautious in looking out for him."

"Well, secure him and fifty guineas shall be yours."

Several of the soldiers now came from the house and stated that they had searched it from top to bottom, but could find no one, although from appearances some one had been there recently. The Colonel followed by Classen passed on to the house, while the fugitive lay quietly in his concealment.

It was a plain framed house of middle size, built partly of stone in the old Dutch style, and very comfortable within. There was but little furniture—a few table chairs and cooking utensils. The better part, Classen said, had been taken away on the occasion of Van Dyke's sister's marriage, a year before as he put it.

"Here is a great coat, sir," said one of the soldiers, "that was found on the floor of the kitchen near the brick door. It must have been dropped in a hurry."

"Feel if there are any papers in the pockets," said Col. Hartcourt.

"Yes sir, here is a bundle of 'em."

The Colonel took the package, looked at the subscription, broke the seal, and going to the window commenced reading them to himself, with a countenance of surprise.

"So, so—here is a list of our troops, and their numbers in and around the city. At Elizabethtown and Newark, one thousand. Gen. Clinton leaves for Charleston with five thousand." Why these documents are indeed of importance. Who can play the spy so thoroughly in our camp. This is the most dangerous character to be abroad.

"Men," he said aloud and to Van Classen, search every hole, and see if any more papers can be found.

Nothing could give Classen greater delight than this order. Curiosity and other reasons had long urged him to enter the house during Van Dyke's absence for that purpose, but the dread that Dyke might return while he was thus engaged, had hitherto prevented him undertaking it. He was now armed with proper authority and protection.

What he found or discovered he did not report to Col. Hartcourt, but made the same reply as the soldiers, that nothing more of importance could be found.

"Very well; we will now leave the place and return to quarters at Powle's Hook."

Hodgeson, place some dry wood in the middle of this room, and when I give the word apply the match."

"What! Are you going to burn the willows, Colonel?" said Classen, his face gleaming with satisfaction.

"Yes I will burn the nest of this rebel carian bird. It is well he is not within my reach—he would swing for it. One such fellow with his spying and finding out is of more injury to us than a regiment of rebels in an open field."

Little did the British commander imagine the young man was then almost within sound of his voice.

"To horse men all except Hodgeson." By this time with Classen, the Colonel had approached within the hearing of Van Dyke, when he halted with his troops.

"Now Hodgeson apply the match, mount and fall in."

It was with anguish Van Dyke heard this order from his hiding place. The willows, as the farm house was called, had

been the birth place of his ancestors, and there he, had passed all his life. But what could he do? Nothing.

Presently a thick black smoke arose and burst from each door and window. This was followed by a brilliant flame that shot far into the sky, and the cracking of the well-seasoned timber, dry with a century preparation, could be heard a great distance.

"There will be one rebel shelter less tonight. It is a pity they were not all burned down; then the king would have more friends this side of the water. These rebels are like dogs, a good whipping makes them better natured. The house is nearly consumed, for the embers are beginning to fly before the evening breeze. By files, to the right face trot!"

"Fifty guineas, you say, Colonel, if I take Van Dyke," asked Classen again.

"Yes fifty guineas."

"Then I will have you here and keep a watch around. He may return here in a great while. Where shall you halt?"

"At the Oaks, five miles off, and stop for an hour or two for a forage party. If anything should occur within that time you know where to find me." The officer and troops rode away.

Classen lingered around, and gradually approached the building, which, with the exception of the brick wall, was a heap of ruins.

"So John Classen, you have glutted your vengeance upon me, and this is your work, wretch!"

Classen turned and beheld within six feet of him, Van Dyke, leaning on his musket.

"No, no, Peter," the wretch muttered, trembling as he spoke, "it was the British officer. You know I wouldn't injure you."

"Speak not another word, liar, or I shall forget myself and blow your brains out. I heard all—you are to have fifty guineas for apprehending me. I am everything that is bad. I came to burn your house down, but find when your friends approached. Wretch, I saved your dwelling and your worthless carcass, and these ruins are my reward."

"Peter, dear Peter."

"Seconded, do not apply the word dear to me. It sounds worse than the hiss of a snake. Listen, John Classen the chief reason of your animosity to me is because Kate Wessels preferred my hand to yours. Thank God! she and her father are both safe from your persecution for they are now within the American lines. Now hear me: I spare you this time, for you are unarmed; but when next we meet, be it in town or village, forest or road, at wedding or funeral, it is your life or mine. Go!"

Classen waited for no second bidding, but disappeared in the direction taken by the soldiers, in double quick time, his hair standing on end for, like all other rogues, he was as cowardly as he was bad.

Van Dyke paused a moment, and then pondered in his own mind—That seconded will bring some of those horsemen back for he will imagine that I may linger two or three hours around this old place.

"Yes, yes, I will after some twenty of our lads are prepared in ambush for them—Fifty guineas will draw Classen any where, coward as he is, especially when backed by the red coats."

It was not long before Van Dyke returned with his party, whom he gathered by a signal; and as night had fallen, they took their stations amid the willows by the banks of the brook, where they could remain unperceived. For the space of an hour all was still, when the distant tramp of horses was heard on the road.

"Here they come," said Van Dyke.—"Each choose his man, but leave Classen to me; you will give the word when to fire."

In a short time the horsemen rode up by the willows, and true enough they were red coats, headed by a Lieutenant, with Classen.

"Fire!" shouted Van Dyke.

So sudden and deadly was the aim, that not more than half a dozen remained in their saddles, and they wheeled and their horses fled as quick as possible. Van Dyke had intentionally aimed at the horse with his rider. To secure Classen was the work of a moment.

"Now, lads, bring out the rope and throw it over that willow branch. We have a hanged enemy and he will be down upon us."

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Classen.

All is vain. The noose was slipped over his head, they strung him up, and there he was left a corpse. The burning of the willows had been avenged.

BE GAY.—A little mirth mixes well with both business and philanthropy.—How stupid life, both in labor and in leisure, would be without the gaiety within us, which responds to the cheerless and beauty around us. Nay, its main currents run all the deeper, as well as fresher and purer, for the light rills that laughing and flashing, flow into them. The rivers would stagnate into pools, if the rivulets ceased their play. Philosophers and men of business save their souls alive, and keep their intellect fresh and healthy by mingling mirthfulness with the soberness—and even fun and philanthropy are often found in the same character.

The true secret of instruction lies in provoking to thought—in stimulating to investigation, and not in preparing a mind for usefulness, as a goose is prepared for the table—by stuffing.

The Student of Upsala.

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student a lonely youth, with a great love for studies, without means of pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping up a cheerful heart, and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his comrades. Once upon a time he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, when the attention of the young man was attracted by a young, elegant lady, who, at the side of an elderly one, walked slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upsala, living in the city, and the lady with her was her governess. She was generally known for gentleness of character, and was looked upon with admiration by the students. As the young man stood gazing at her, as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed:

"Well it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!"

The poor student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently upon that pure and angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration:

"Well, I think I could have it."

"What! his friends in a chorus, 'are you crazy? do you know her?'"

"Not at all," he answered, but I think she would kiss me now, if I were to go and ask her."

"What! in this place, before all our eyes?"

"In this place before your eyes."

"Freely?"

"Freely!"

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars," exclaimed one of the party.

"And I?" exclaimed three or four others, for so it happened that several rich young men were in the group, and bets ran high on so improbable an event, and the challenge was made and received in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero (my author does not tell me whether he was handsome or plain; I have my peculiar ideas for believing he was rather plain but singularly good looking at the same time)—our hero walked off to the young lady and said:

"My friend, my fortune is in your hands."

She looked at him with astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related simply and truly what had just passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he ceased to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness:

"If by so little a thing so much can be effected, it would be foolishness for me to refuse your request, and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square."

Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the young man who had dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in such a way, and whom she had consented to kiss so.

He received him with a scrutinizing brow, but after an hour's conversation was so pleased with him, that he invited him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our young friend now pursued his studies in a manner which made him soon regarded as the most promising scholar at the University. Three years were not passed after the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the daughter of the Governor, as his intended bride.

He became, later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his character. His works will endure forever among the works of science; and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden at the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and position in society are regarded as small things compared with its wealth of goodness and love.

Removal of Gov. Reeder.

Once again has this miserable administration bowed to the behests of its Southern masters. Governor Reeder has been removed from the office of Governor of Kansas, and John L. Dawson has been appointed in his place. Reeder yielded almost every thing to Slavery, but because he did yield the last lingering shred of Manhood and of right he fell under the ban of proscription. The insatiable character of the propagandists is here set forth. Atchison and Stringfellow, with the Missouri ruffians, must rule, or ruin every man that offers the shadow of resistance to their ubiquitous schemes. Could anything have been wanting to increase the indignation already burning in the minds of the people of the North, they now have it—Pierce is only the President of the South. His waking thoughts and his midnight dreams are for the South; he thinks only of the South; he acts only for the South. The very fact of his having been born in the North must be a burden upon his soul, and it does not require the eyes of imagination to read the picture of "Fon Sars," hanging to the backs of all his Northern followers. The righteous indignation of the North is now made complete. The President of the United States has succumbed, that Atchison, the drunken leader of men worse than pirates, might succeed in fastening Slavery upon the people of Kansas, against their will. Let the people ponder well this infamous act of an infamous Administration.—Scioto Gazette.

Funny Scene on a N. Y. Ferry Boat.

The ferry boat between New York and Jersey city last week was the theatre of an occurrence not very often witnessed under the circumstances. On Friday, at noon, the day being particularly pleasant, and the lady passengers, which by the way comprised only about a dozen, were seated upon the benches enjoying the scenery.—Pretty soon a shout was heard.

"Mien Cot! Mien Cot! vife ish going to be schick!"

Instantly the ladies all rushed into the ladies cabin, and sure enough, there sat a florid specimen of a Swedish woman enduring the incipient pangs of parturition with great patience. The husband was soon turned out of the cabin by the ladies, one of whom kept watch at the door, while the others made preparations to receive the expected stranger. Of course we cannot enter into the details of this subject, for we were on the outside observing the husband, who begged lustily for admission.

"Oh mien Cot!" he shouted through the door. "Keep a stiff upper lip, Kariant! don't be schick. Oh mien Cot!" and he danced around the deck in a perfect fever of excitement.

It was impossible to quiet him, until in a few minutes, one of the ladies informed him that without granting him admission, that "it was all over."

"Is it a boy or girl?" he shouted.

"It is a girl," said the lady sentinel, anxious for a little amusement.

"Oh, dunder!" was the vexed reply.

"No matter: a gal ish better as not in."

"It's a boy," again said the lady.

"Vot ish it shanged—vos it a gal vunst, and now a leetle boy?"

"No."

"Tousand tyfels! vot ish it den?"

"There are two—a boy and girl. You had better procure a carriage when the boat lands."

"Oh dat ish good! dat ish better as goot. A boy and a gal mit one job—Kariant! shunkins, I always knew it."

And the happy husband disappeared in search of a cab to conduct his family homeward.

A WOMAN'S DEVOTION.—We published a telegraphic despatch, a day or two since, in which it was stated that Rev. Mr. Elliott and his daughter were drowned while bathing at Coney Island. A party from Williamsburgh, N. Y., consisting of several persons, were there, and the "under-tow" carried five of the party towards the sea. In attempting to save his daughter, Mr. Elliott was drowned. The account

"The peril of Miss Elliott was also seen by a Mr. Thomas Gibbons, the affianced husband of the lady, who immediately waded and swam to where she was struggling in the water, and succeeded in holding her for some time. The greatest excitement prevailed at the moment the tragedy was being enacted, and no one seemed able to offer any assistance. The couple were borne out rapidly and those on the shore gave them up for lost, when it was seen that Mr. G. had secured a piece of timber, and had seized it for support, but it was not large enough to uphold both, and Mr. Gibbons disengaged himself from Miss Elliott and told her to grasp the suspenders of his bathing dress behind, while he held on to the wood. This she did for a time; but with a true woman's devotion, seeing that her lover was sinking, and fearing that he would drown, she suppressed his instinct of her nature for life, and let go her hold, though he begged her for God's and her own sake to never mind him, but herself. She soon sank and was seen no more. Mr. Gibbons was fortunately drifted towards a point on the island where he found a foothold, and was dragged ashore by means of ropes."

The Poor and the Rich.

The honest, hard working part of our community, however much they may excel them in intelligence and refinement, are looked upon by some proud people as aristocrats, as entirely beneath their notice, but these are only mere exceptions. If a person shows himself but worthy, he is here cheerfully welcomed by the good and the great, whatever be his origin; and if his birth be alluded to, it is not with scorn and contempt, but with admiration and respect, for having surmounted the obstacles which were in his pathway.—We sometimes see the poor man's son rising early, before the labor of the day can call him forth, and assiduously pouring over his books while others are eagerly pursuing pleasure, or are reposing in the arms of Morpheus. The flushed cheek and high purpose. Those intellectual powers which he has cultivated so long and faithfully, have well repaid his care and pains. Wealth and influence are his. He may fill a commanding place in the pulpit, or perhaps charm with his eloquence the multitude that throng the halls of our National Congress. If his voice is on the side of the right he may exert an influence which will be felt by his country long after "life's battle has been fought," and he has rested from his labors.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD HICKORY.

The Hon. Edmund Burke, in "an article in the Concord (N. H.) Reporter," commenting on the Virginia election says:

"If the spirit of Old Hickory could return to earth, what would he say at such a scene as this? We can imagine what he would say. 'By the eternal! the old hero would exclaim, 'is this the way you honor my principles and cherish my memory? Do you call yourselves democrats, and pretend to be my disciples, while you are degrading and dishonoring yourselves by recognizing as your leaders, the slanderers of myself and my beloved wife, and the bitter revilers of my principle and my administration? How came you to be mustered under the lead of the Wises, and the Cushings, the traducers of my name and memory, and the vindictive assailants of my principles and my administration? And you, Mr. Franklin Pierce, have you no more self-respect, no more principle, than to take such men to your bosom and confidence, and advance them to the highest post of honor and command in the armies of the Democracy? Avant, ye degenerate wretches. I'll have no more of you. You have dishonored and disgraced the name of Democracy, and you would dishonor and disgrace my memory by pretending to be my disciples, and stealing my name to hide your treachery and your shame. I look to the People—the great and patriotic People, whom I faithfully served, and who stood by me in every trial and danger—to rescue the country and the true Democracy from the disgrace which you have brought upon both. I look to the People under the lead of my pupil, friend and confidant, Sam Houston, to rescue the country and the Democratic party from the dishonor and disgrace brought by the Wises, the Cushings, the Pierces, and the whole batch of renegades, who are attempting to govern the country in my name, and in the sacred name of Democracy."

"Such would be the address of General Jackson, if he were to revisit the earth and witness the present state of things. If he could only see the degradation and disgrace to which the Democracy have been reduced under Mr. Pierce, by having the Wises, the Cushings, &c., &c., forced upon them as their leaders and the true exponents of their faith, he would turn away from the revolting spectacle in sorrow and disgust. Such would be the feelings of Old Hickory. And such, we know, are the feelings of thousands of the truest and best democrats of the country. As long as the Wises, and Cushings are the leaders of the Democratic party, true men will stand aloof from it. More than that, they will not recognize a party with such men at its head, as the true and genuine Democratic party."

Illinois Know-Nothing State Council.

That portion of the platform with reference to Slavery, adopted by the Know-Nothing State Council of Illinois, reads as follows:

"That the time has arrived when the American party of the United States are called upon to take open, fearless and unreserved ground upon the great question of slavery, that is now agitating the people of every section of this Union; and that the intense excitement and agitation which at the present time are distracting our country upon the subject of slavery have been caused by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; and that that repeal was unequalled for a gross violation and disregard of a sacred compact, entered into between the two great sections of this confederacy, and in the highest degree destructive to the peace and welfare of this Union. That a restoration of the Missouri Compromise, as it will restore the territory for which it was originally made to the same situation in which it was before that line was unnecessarily destroyed, so it will restore peace and harmony to the country, without injury or injustice to any portion of the Union; that while it will only give to freedom that which in due solemnity and in good faith was long since conveyed to her under the contract, it will equally preserve the full and undisputed rights acquired under it by the South, and that therefore the Missouri Compromise should be restored, and that in all political national contests the American party in the State of Illinois will demand of its candidates for office, among other qualifications, their open and undisguised opinions upon this subject."

Too Good to be Lost.—The citizens of H—n, Miss., assembled at a church to celebrate the 4th inst., by reading the Declaration of Independence and Washington's Farewell Address. An old gentleman coming rather late, walked up near the pulpit while Washington's Address was being read. The old one listened until he heard "Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government." When this was read he threw up his hat in a passion, and left the house. At the door he met some friends. "Gentlemen," said he, "I came here to celebrate the 4th of July, and hear the Declaration of Independence read. But, said he, the first thing I heard was that fellow in there reading a d—d Know Nothing document, and I'll whip him as soon as he leaves the house."—Simpson County Whig.

Americanism before the Revolution.

The following extracts were recently copied from the "Qualification Book," in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, being parts of the oaths of office taken by the Officers of the Government in 1761. The willingness of the Papacy to exercise temporal dominion seems to have been a foregone conclusion in this province with the men living a little less than a century ago. The Americans of this day are, therefore, relieved from the charge of having invited this slander upon Catholicism, in order to its persecution and their own elevation to political power. History, as also the consciousness of the whole Protestant world, are unequivocal and uniform in representing the Romish Church as intolerant, aggrandizing and persecuting. But here is the record:

"I—do swear that I do from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine and position, that Princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope, or any authority of the See of Rome, may be deposed, or murdered by their subjects, or any other whatsoever; and I do declare that no foreign Prince, Person, Prelate, State or Potentate hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence or authority, Ecclesiastical or Spiritual within the Realm of Great Britain, or any of the Dominions thereto